

A de certains moments toutes les jeunes flores
 Dans la foret
 Ont peur, et sur le front des blanches
 m&aphores
 l'ombre apparait.
 C'est qu'Horace ou Virgile ont vu soudain le
 spectre
 Noir se dresser;
 C'est que la-bas, derriere Amaryllis, flectre
 Vient de passer.

Only with Beddoes such moments are
 continual. In his
 own pages there are more shadows than
 there are men.
 This dualism moulds all his writing,

As out of the same lump of sunny Nile
 Rises a purple-winged butterfly
 Or a cursed serpent crawls.

His most characteristic work becomes like a
 duet between
 a raven and a nightingale upon a tree in
 Hell. Now they
 alternate; now they blend together, as in
 that lovely
 picture of a Love who is also Death—a thin,
 pale Cupid
 with ragged wings and, for his dart, a
 frozen Zephyr,

Gilt with the influence of an adverse star.
 Such was his weapon, and he traced with
 it,
 Upon the waters of my thoughts, these
 words:
 *I am the death of flowers and nightingales,
 Of small-lipped babes, that give their souls
 to summer
 To make a perfumed day with: I shall
 come,
 A death no larger than a sigh to thee,
 Upon a sunset hour/ And so he passed
 Into the place where faded rainbows are,
 Dying along the distance of my mind.

At times, again, this duet becomes a duel.
 Just as in real
 life 'he could be delightful if he chose' (said
 Mrs. Procter),
 'but, oh, he chose so seldom', so in his letters
 the sardonic
 side of him will sneer at some pathetic
 passage just added
 to a play, and in his verse his raven will
 croak derision at
 his nightingale: